

Cleese, John, and Graham Chapman. "Argument Clinic." Episode 29, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, 2 Nov. 1972.

Cast

Man	Michael Palin
Receptionist	Rita Davies
Mr. Barnard	Graham Chapman
Mr. Vibrating	John Cleese
Complainer	Eric Idle
Spreaders	Terry Jones

Transcript

Receptionist: Yes, sir.

Man: I'd like to have an argument, please.

Receptionist: Certainly, sir. Have you been here before?

Man: No, this is my first time.

Receptionist: I see. Do you want to have the full argument, or were you thinking of taking a course?

Man: Well uh, what would be the cost?

Receptionist: Well yes, it's one pound for a five-minute argument, but only eight pounds for a course of ten.

Man: Hmm, well I think it's probably best if I start with the one and see how it goes from there, okay?

Receptionist: Fine. I'll see who's free at the moment. [*Looks at the schedule*] Ah, Mr.

DuBakey's free, but he's a little bit conciliatory. Yes, uh, try Mr. Barnard, room 12.

Man: Thank you.

[*The man walks down a corridor. He opens door 12. There is a man at a desk.*]

Mr. Barnard: WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Man: Well, I was told outside...

Mr. Barnard: Don't give me that, you snotty-faced heap of parrot droppings!

Man: What?

Mr. Barnard: Shut your festering gob, you tit! Your type makes me puke, you vacuous, toffee-nosed, malodorous pervert!!!

Man: Look, I CAME HERE FOR AN ARGUMENT!!

Mr. Barnard: OH, oh, ah I'm sorry. This is abuse.

Man: Oh, I see, well, that explains it.

Mr. Barnard: Oh no, you want 12A, next door.

Man: I see. Sorry.

Mr. Barnard: Not at all.

Man: No, that's all right. [*Exits*]

Mr. Barnard: [*Under his breath*] Stupid git!

[*The man walks down the corridor. Outside 12A, he knocks.*]

Mr. Vibrating: [*From within*] Come in.

Man: Is this the right room for an argument?

Mr. Vibrating: I've told you once.

Man: No, you haven't.

Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I have.

Man: When?

Mr. Vibrating: Just now.
Man: No, you didn't.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I did.
Man: Didn't.
Mr. Vibrating: I did!
Man: You didn't!
Mr. Vibrating: I'm telling you I did!
Man: You did not!!
Mr. Vibrating: I'm sorry, is this a five-minute argument or the full half hour?
Man: Ooh, oh, just the five minute.
Mr. Vibrating: Fine. [*Makes a note of it; the man sits down*] Thank you. Anyway, I did.
Man: You most certainly did not.
Mr. Vibrating: Now, let's get one thing quite clear; I most definitely told you.
Man: You did not.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I did.
Man: You did not.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I did.
Man: Didn't.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I did.
Man: Didn't.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, I did.
Man: Look, this isn't an argument.
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, it is.
Man: No it isn't. It's just contradiction.
Mr. Vibrating: No, it isn't.
Man: Yes, it is.
Mr. Vibrating: It is not.
Man: It is! You just contradicted me.
Mr. Vibrating: No, I didn't.
Man: Oh you did!!
Mr. Vibrating: No, no, no, no, no.
Man: You did, just then.
Mr. Vibrating: No, no. Nonsense!
Man: Oh, but this is futile!
Mr. Vibrating: No, it isn't.
Man: I came here for a good argument.
Mr. Vibrating: No, you didn't; you came here for an argument.
Man: An argument is not the same as contradiction.
Mr. Vibrating: Can be.
Man: No, it can't. An argument's a connected series of statements to establish a definite proposition.
Mr. Vibrating: No, it isn't.
Man: Yes, it is! It isn't just contradiction.
Mr. Vibrating: Look, if I argue with you, I must take up a contrary position.
Man: But it isn't just saying 'No it isn't.'
Mr. Vibrating: Yes, it is!
Man: No, it isn't! Argument's an intellectual process. Contradiction's just the automatic gainsaying of anything the other person says.
[*Short pause*]
Mr. Vibrating: No, it isn't.

Man: Yes, it is.

Mr. Vibrating: Not at all.

Man: Now, look.

Mr. Vibrating: [*Pressing the bell on his desk*] Thank you. Good Morning.

Man: What?

Mr. Vibrating: That's it. Good morning.

Man: I was just getting interested.

Mr. Vibrating: Sorry, the five minutes is up.

Man: That was never five minutes just now.

Mr. Vibrating: I'm afraid it was.

Man: No, it wasn't.

[*Pause*]

Mr. Vibrating: Sorry, but I'm not allowed to argue anymore.

Man: What?!

Mr. Vibrating: If you want me to go on arguing, you'll have to pay for another five minutes.

Man: But that was never five minutes just now. Oh, come on!

Mr. Vibrating: [*Hums*]

Man: This is ridiculous.

Mr. Vibrating: I'm very sorry, but I told you I'm not allowed to argue unless you've paid.

Man: Oh, all right. [*Pays money*] There you are.

Mr. Vibrating: Thank you.

Man: Well? [*Short pause*]

Mr. Vibrating: Well what?

Man: That was never five minutes just now.

Mr. Vibrating: I told you, I'm not allowed to argue unless you've paid.

Man: I just paid!

Mr. Vibrating: No, you didn't.

Man: I DID, I DID, I DID!

Mr. Vibrating: No, you didn't.

Man: Look, I don't want to argue about that.

Mr. Vibrating: Well, I'm very sorry, but you didn't pay.

Man: Aha! Well, if I didn't pay, why are you arguing? Got you!

Mr. Vibrating: No, you haven't.

Man: Yes, I have. If you're arguing, I must have paid.

Mr. Vibrating: Not necessarily. I could be arguing in my spare time.

Man: Oh, I've had enough of this.

Mr. Vibrating: No, you haven't.

Man: Oh, shut up.

[*Man gets up, leaves, walks down the hall, opens the door marked complaints and goes in*]

Man: I want to complain.

Complainer: You want to complain! Look at these shoes. I've only had them three weeks and the heels are worn right through.

Man: No, I want to complain about...

Complainer: If you complain, nothing happens; you might as well not bother. My back hurts, and what...

[*Man leaves, enters the next room and gets hit on the head by a hammer as soon as he clears the door*]

Man: Ow!

Spreaders: Hold your head like this, and then go Waaah. Try it again. [*He hits him again.*]

Man: Whoawhh!!

Spreaders: Better, better, but 'Waaaagh!' 'Waaaagh!' Hold your hands here.

Man: No.

Spreaders: Now. [*Hits him*]

Man: Waaaaah!!!

Spreaders: That's it, that's it! Good!

Man: Stop hitting me!!

Spreaders: What?

Man: Stop hitting me.

Spreaders: Stop hitting you?

Man: Yes.

Spreaders: Oh, uh, what did you come here for then?

Man: I came here to complain.

Spreaders: Oh, I'm sorry, that's next door. It's being-hit-on-the-head lessons in here.

Man: What a stupid concept.